

# Earnest Reflections.

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J. HENRY LUTZ.



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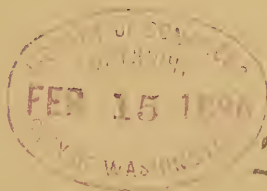


SELECT POEMS

BY

J. HENRY LUTZ

*Tipton, Mo.*



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## HOLY NIGHT.

---

In days of old, when night reigned king  
And man had fallen low,  
When as it seemed, the God supreme,  
By wicked man was served no more.

There lived a few, a numbered few,  
Who wept and prayed aloud,  
That He might come mid drops of dew  
That spring from sunny clouds.

The time arrived when He appeared  
To stay the accursed course  
Of a sinning world who all these years  
The vengeance of His wrath invoked.

The night was there, a star-lit night,  
Illuminate and cold,  
And very few beheld the sight,  
Save humble shepherds young and old.

The hour of which the Holy Writ  
Had told to Jewish scribes,  
That Israel would bear a king  
Was being now transpired.

Some sheep were nestling quiet by  
The stall where Jesus lay,  
His bed the manger bleak and dry,  
His pillow some loose hay.

A gleam of light o'ercast the spot  
With haloes azure blue and white,  
As if the heavens had forgot  
To close their portals for the night.

Angelic songs that never yet were heard,  
Were wafting from the skies,  
And angels clad in gold and white  
To anxious shepherds sped.

Amazed the shepherds heard these words,  
O leave your flocks and come  
With us and view the Son  
Of God from heaven above.

They went along and as they saw  
The Christ-child fair and meek,  
They knew full well the truth of all  
That angels made them seek.

They silent sink on trembling knees  
And kiss the earth in holy fear,  
For theirs the share to see the face  
Of heaven's most adored Grace.

Now one more bow they reverent make,  
Then rise upon their feet,  
And grateful for their happy fate  
They do now go to their beloved retreat.

The morning dawns and songs now cease  
As the glories of the day appear,  
Meanwhile the mother of the child  
In silent adoration kneels aside.

She knows from sights that meet her eyes  
That her beloved will one day be  
A suffering son ; yes, crucified,  
And to her heart it thrusts of daggers deals.

With resignation always true  
She rises now, and from her mantle blue  
She forms a cloak, and tender offers her support  
To warm her child. Her's sent from heaven  
above.

---

## SURSUM CORDA.

---

Raise up your hearts ! with glorious delight,  
For the time of grace now neareth,  
When of wonders supreme, Melchisedech's rite,  
Fills the Christian world that heareth.

We have raised them up at the Lord's request,  
And surrounding the throne where the offering  
lies,  
Bow down to the earth, 'tis but meet and just,  
Lo ! the saving redemption that never dies.

All hail is the moment and thrice sanctified  
That unites heaven to earth at the Victim's com-  
mand,  
In this power vast legions of mortals confide,  
Hail ! sing the choirs that eternally stand.

Blessed be forever the shadows that brought  
Where the olives and vines of the Holy Land  
thrived,  
And the grandest triumph of love was wrought,  
When with His flesh and blood He fainting souls  
supplied.

Lamb of God ! Lend our voices undying accords,  
Fill our souls with the zeal of thy Seraphim's  
    strains  
Let thy blessing descend through the militant worlds,  
And alleluias ascend when our sojourning wanes.

---

## THE BOY THAT NEVER RETURNED.

---

O'er the wide and storm tossed ocean  
Sailed a poor and feeble lad,  
Seeking health, the priceless fortune,  
That so many hearts makes glad.

Kind and loving friends had ushered  
To the ship his wasted form,  
And the mother's hope seemed crushed  
As the ship by billowy waves away was borne.

Safe he reached his destination  
In the wild romantic land,  
But his health continued failing  
As the tide that leaves the strand.

One more trial, a farewell letter  
To the anxious ones at home,  
Then across the surging water  
He cast his tearful eyes and moaned.

Soon the flickering light extinguished  
O'er his face in anguish cast,  
As the rays of setting sun diminished  
He had faintly breathed his last.

Far from home and friends they laid him  
Underneath the cedar's bough,  
And for him the nightingale would sing,  
Then spread her wings and sail amid the clouds.



## THE DIVIDING WAYS.

---

Tread not, fair child, the wicked ways  
Of vice and crime and sin,  
Lest hastening wrath decrease thy days  
And draw thy doomed soul in.

Keep battling on a little while,  
Nerve for the combat day and night,  
Beware the tempter's snare beguiles  
The slumbering sentinel's vested rights.

Remember well thy destined end  
Depends upon thy stewardship ;  
The wind oft makes the willow bend,  
Yet it may rise again so quick.

See that no gentle word pass by,  
By honest friend in love expressed,  
Without its share of gratitude  
By every one possessed.

Bear with the trials of the sore,  
Where sorrow sought to place her seat ;  
Remember Him whose Passion bore  
The world a boon, had ne'er a joy to greet.

See there are paths of two for thee,  
The one is steep and shorn,  
The other groans with lust and glee  
And various sights its inns adorn.

Two stand at distance at the gates,  
One teaches truth and better life,  
His voice entrust thy soul and fate,  
Heed not the demon's luring cries.

The valiant brave shall victory win  
Who scorn the tempter's winning call,  
Oh ! wouldst thou speed to follow him  
Who beareth thee but fire and gall.

Be firm ! the steadfast see the light,  
The cursed forever find no rest,  
They howl in gloom of endless night,  
The just shall live eternal blest.

---

## PRIESTHOOD.

---

The holiest of vocations,  
An office most sublime,  
A life of famed orations,  
In a Catholic Priest we find.

To better serve the heavenly King  
He gladly offers health,  
Now to an infant soul yet stained with sin  
He confers grace and frees from death.

In after years, when ripened mind  
Of child the good from bad discerns,  
He marks the progress ever kind,  
And sees the virtues which from him the child  
has learned.

Still later on when Christ's own call  
To youths and virgins is addressed,  
It is the priest who consecrates  
As 'round the altar on their knees they fall.

Then one by one in reverence come,  
And from his hand receive the host,

And he that fared but one small crumb  
Received as much as he that shared the most.

For this the banquet was that wrought  
The miracles so wonderful and great,  
That to the saints has ever brought  
A Godspent victory, ever sin to hate.

And if the soul in later years  
Mid ruin and disgrace,  
To the confession of its sins appears,  
He then again dispenses grace.

But farther still when cruel pangs  
Of death doth show its fatal mark,  
Again with love and grace he stands  
And sacramental strength imparts.

And until consummation comes,  
He faithfully abides,  
Till dying lips in agonies moan,  
I am resigned to die.

The sickness may a plague have been,  
It matters not to him,  
For even if it death may bring  
Or some contagious ill,

He's always willing, full of yearn  
To save a soul to fill a place  
That heaven has in love retained  
For those that die in faith.

He lives for love of human kind,  
He labors for the palm  
Which once in realms beatified  
Will weave immortal laurels mid his crown.

---

## THE MOST HALLOWED SPOT.

---

The most hallowed spot, if thou wouldst seek to find it, where, as it seems, the very air wafts sanctity, is the shade of the altar.

Trace but the pages of history and behold from the vail of Asia the odor and smoke-wreaths ascending from the altar, mingling with the balmy azure sky and losing itself in the endless realms of the universe.

The infant world adores its God,  
From an altar crude and built with sod.

And leaving the home of our first parents, the world, multiplying and sinning, draws the wrath of heaven upon them and buries them beneath a watery grave. O desolation! Then hast thou seen thy nuptial day, when lone and void again the world, till

From the altar stone once more,  
Ascends the smoke and peace from heaven bore.

God the giver and sustainer cherishes and deals His grace unto all that seek for it. From the mountains and peaceful valleys of Canaan where the rivers flow gently their crystal waters reflecting in the

morning sunlight marches Abraham boldly trusting  
in the Father of all Ages, nearing the enemy, and

As a gift of God comes he  
Melchisedech the prophets see,  
And offers pure and matchless wine  
Until it thrive and flow from off another vine.

The hour of which all ages testify is near at hand,  
when food from heaven shall lose its symbolity and  
be the real. Yet rises the incense from the altar,  
but the chosen are far away from one though they  
have him in their midst ; and with the shades of  
night fastly but silently falling o'er the land, sits the  
Son of God immaculate and pure such as He was  
and is forever, raising His eyes, those eyes the first,  
unborn, eternal, until they pierce the heaven, and

Now the deed, the pledge is given,  
His flesh is food, His blood is drink,  
And had the heaven of its beauty riven  
In homage bowed, none could assist him.

He gave as God could only give  
What all the ages told for him,  
And prophets saw whilst zeal inspired  
Their reins and hearts with Paracletic fire.

And now he is with us until the consummation of  
ages, the food of our souls, the divine banquet.

Let us humble ourselves before Him as man to  
God ! Whose love is ever shining brighter than any  
other perfection.

Oh, for the grace bestowed on the privileged that have Him in their midst! He: the strength of the Martyrs, the fair bridegroom of wise and pure Virgins and the remedy as He is of all distresses, the comforter, the one and only author of our being.

Bow low before the sacred Rod  
Adore with childlike faith thy God,  
Who left His home to dwell with thee  
The subject thou and king but He.

From there He sees the child in pain  
And cleanses it from sin and stain,  
Feeding it after with the bread  
That giveth life unto the dead.

Lending the maiden strength and grace  
That she may know her part and place,  
Endowing the youth with fear of the Lord  
To lighten his labors and earn a reward.

Consoling the sad and inspiring the just,  
Awakening the wicked to penance and trust,  
The aged's support and their blessing at last,  
When their seed has been sown and their funeral has  
passed.

---



## THE NUN OF MT. CARMEL.

---

Calm and beautiful mellow light  
The chapel yet doth fill,  
For soon, it being Thursday night,  
A Sister yet must kneel.

It is her night alone to pray  
And plead for future strength and grace,  
Silent she treads the pensive aisles  
Till she has reached the place

Where dwells the ever present One,  
And quiet on her knees she sinks  
And prays to Him, the Father's Son,  
Meanwhile invisible choirs for her sing.

A solemn feeling o'er her hovers  
As with the sight of faith she sees  
The face of Jesus pale and bloodless,  
His broken eyes yet filled with unshed tears.

And now the pleasant duty's done,  
She wanders back to quiet cell  
Till tapers lit and sound of gong  
Recall her to the Matin song.

Who is the one that we did see  
All robed in garb of snowy white,  
Was she a pauper poor and weak,  
Or some rich baron's sole delight?

Oh ! let this be as it may be,  
For only out of love she went  
To pray for those whose wicked blasphemy  
A world of agony to Jesus dealt.

How happy once will be her day,  
When God's own breath hath left her clay,  
When other Sisters slow and sad  
Consign her to their treasured dead.

Her name in heaven then is named,  
As sweet as angels none but those can sing,  
That like her do that die for gain,  
That always were prepared to bring.

A willing heart, a model life,  
Excluded from the worldly strife,  
Abandoned earthly wealth and fame,  
And therefore always did retain

That spotless innocence that bore  
To Jesus' bride, the holy Catholic Church,  
The list of saints revealed of yore,  
Who have His words : My peace for such.

---

## LOST EDEN.

---

I stood on the mountain and saw the sunset of gold  
Illume with bright splendor the cities of old ;  
'Fore my eyes rose visions of the vast realm of time  
Portrayed fair and brilliant by faith e'er sublime.

Hoary ages rolled back as the march came along  
To a time overflowing with flowers and song ;  
Where embedded in sapphire glistening rivers of steel  
Sang anthems of homage each wavelet revealed.

Calm as the air that wafted from heaven  
Were a created two in this garden of Eden ;  
Fair as a star that glimmers at night,  
Pure was their souls as a gem's sparkling light.

Cool was the shade where the leaves of the tree  
Trembled and lisped of a fate that would be ;  
In its branches entwined lured the tempter his price,  
To the world left his sting as a sacrifice.

O day ! that thou hadst ne'er been born.  
O deed ; that thou couldst be undone.  
For see the curse that follows thee  
In woe and death's relentless misery.

Tinted clouds turned to tempest the dumb sought  
after prey,  
And flowers first born withered away in a day ;  
But the doom truly sought now transplanted to  
shame,  
Could ne'er be effaced by oceans of rain.

A voice from above, though hidden from view,  
Pronounced endless woe on the unhappy two ;  
Clad in fire and wrath an angel from heaven  
Dispelled them forever from the Garden of Eden.

Woe to the man and woe to the woman  
That shall tread the path of this thoughtless sinning ;  
Man created to bliss in the sweat of thy brow,  
Shalt thou weary toil and labor now.

Sad and alone, deprived of fair Eden,  
Prayed the penitent two, and the Father in heaven  
Bent down from His throne, so God-like divine,  
And promised redemption in the fulness of time.

Again wafted peace at the bidding of God,  
Sweet flowers bloomed profusely and dew fed the sod,  
On the first born of nature shone the sun's dazzling  
light,  
One robed with the morn and one with the night.

They offer their gifts as a memento of Eden,  
From the altar of homage rose the odor to heaven,  
But the serpent that crept lured again one to win,  
When Cain slew his brother O accursed was the sin.

And accursed was the lot and branded the brow  
Of the son of a parent so heartbroken now,  
But the blood of the victim the fruit of a sin  
Pierced the clouds and invoked dire vengeance on  
him.

He fled to the mountain, he fled to the brook,  
But the slain one entombed stared with a glassy  
look,  
O'er his guilty brow blew the night winds his locks,  
An outcast forever his end be besought.

---

## THE DYING EXILE.

---

Beneath the lurid sky of Egypt  
An exile lay and wept aloud,  
For days and nights he raged in fever  
And called aloud for help and vowed.

Away from friends and cherished parents  
That long ago had mourned him dead,  
In bitter anguish 'mid the natives  
Now he lay, his clothing was his only bed.

In buoyant youth he sailed from home,  
For wealth and fame his heart was craving,  
And little then he thought such days would come  
And find him destitute and dying.

His feeble voice no loving mother  
Could hear and soothe her darling boy,  
But swarthy Arabs came first one and then another  
And passed him by but left him there alone to die.

A little bird his lay was singing  
Amongst the bushes that grew by  
The grassy sward where he lay dreaming  
How soon that he would have to die.

He saw once more the setting sun  
Encircle all in dazzling light,  
And whispered soft : O Mother, come  
And see your darling boy alone to-night !

He quivered faint and looked above  
The stars where soon he'd roam,  
And shivering cried : Oh ! how I'd love  
To die, if die I must, at home.

The evening breeze was playing soft  
Among his locks and on his brow,  
Relentless death did silent mark  
The simple words, I have thee now.

Just then the moon arose in silver,  
Once more he cried : O Mother, hear  
My dying words, farewell ! Then with a quiver  
Closed his eyes, the troubled soul had fled.

---

## BEAUTIFUL HOURS.

---

I love the sacred hours of Sabbath, each sainted  
hour's caressing rest,  
When songs and prayers ascend to Him, the God  
Jehovah blest,  
And incense rises heavenward, before the sacra-  
mental shrine,  
There lies the price of love, Oh ! was there ever  
more sublime.

I love to hear the organ peal, with its soul-inspir-  
ing strains,  
It does its mission well, my spirit joins the choir's  
sweet refrain ;  
Each taper's light, so pure and still, in silent adora-  
tion gleaming,  
The flowers that raise their tender heads, whilst  
from their waxen cups a sacred perfume  
seems e'er streaming.

And faith receives new strength, the soul with more  
than earthly peace  
Could speed the moments on that mortal bonds  
release,  
And see beyond the veil, what here imprisoned lies,  
Whose majesty divine beneath this lowly form abides.



A stream of grace perpetual flows from e'er increas-  
ing source of grace,  
Ah ! could the soul but here repose, the tempter  
could not win his race ;  
The saddened find consoling bliss, the weary find  
their rest,  
And all that eat this angel food shall rise forever  
blest.

Unseen the angel bands descend and hover o'er the  
scene,  
To bear aloft the prayers of all that breathe within  
these hallowed realms,  
Who wish each mortal well, from wrong and evil  
free,  
Would lend a brother's hand of love to him who  
yet abides in misery.

Oh ! that the world, who by this love redeemed,  
Would trust their fate unto this sheltering nook,  
Whose signal bright, the Magi from the east have  
seen,  
Their constant guide o'er mountains steep and gush-  
ing streams, and brooks.

Oh ! that a tongue possessed the power  
To sing the homage of these beauteous hours ;  
Oh ! that each heart like Francis' burn with fire,  
Prepared each moment to depart and join Jerusa-  
lem's eternal choir.

---

## THE QUEEN'S BLESSING.

---

Deep silence reigned throughout the hall, where  
Castile's queen enthroned  
In regal splendor, sat supreme;  
Coruscant light now filled the dome,  
And weaved enchantment o'er the gorgeous scene.

Around her brilliant throne, in reverent awe,  
The hosts of loyal courtiers stood;  
Each glittering helmet seemed to draw  
A halo for the cavalier's good.

The hours that sped now bore the time  
Unto the scene, a royal one;  
And when the court had formed in line,  
Columbus knelt in homage—he, fair Genoa's destined son.

His heart was yearning for the goal  
That lends to mystic bands of fame  
Undying zeal; the surpliced priest, with stole,  
Invoked the heaven's aid upon his aim.

Then rose the queen and consecrated loud  
Unto the care of Him whose bleeding heart

Upon the holy rood was pierced ; then bowed,  
Her royal blessing to impart.

A gracious smile her lips adorn ;  
She raised her eyes beyond the skies,  
As if the cerulean blue of morn  
Revealed a glimpse of the divine, she cried :

Then cross the seas whose billowy waves  
Shall rise and fall upon your sails,  
And distant birds shall bring the airs  
From unknown shores of beauty rare.

When forth the sun in lustrous light  
Dispels the shades of silent night,  
Shall chimes of cloistered sweetness peal  
And all thy country's kindred kneel.

But when the day has died away,  
And evening shadows dance and play,  
And gentle voice of brook and stream  
Glide softly by 'neath starry sheen,

Then shall the vesper anthem sing,  
The lips and hearts that beat for Him  
Whose voice the troubled waters stilled,  
And with the loaves the legions filled.

May faith its fragrant garland twine  
Upon thine brow and following band,  
Nor moon and stars e'er cease to shine  
Till yon anointed cross implanted stands.

Pray that your bark, the Mystic Queen,  
Take under the shelter of her wing;  
That when the clouds mid raging storm  
Doth seek your ruin, she protect you from all  
harm.

Sing her praises and cherish her love,  
That fills the earth and the heavens above;  
And her gentle eye with effulgent light  
Will guide safe her bark through the watches of  
night.

Then all was still, so solemn quiet,  
As if the reaper of death had come  
Among the multitude and tied  
Their very hearts and breath and tongue.

But the tears that flowed they fell like rain,  
And the walls now re-echoed the heart throbbing  
pain  
Of the noble sons and braves of Spain  
That happily lived 'neath her generous reign.

Then the fairy that lent her ethereal charms  
Touched her sylvan wand and swept them away,  
And the winds sighed a requiem, the glittering arms  
Were encrusted with rust and four centuries decay.

---

## EQUALIZED.

---

Success and failures, joys and woes  
Have taken their leave, naught remains,  
And the reaper content, tarries long e'er he goes,  
From the victim shorn of its pains.

Be it king or pauper, friend or foe,  
No earthly power can stay his call ;  
In his ghastly march all mortals must go,  
From the rise of the sun to its shadowy fall.

He takes from the infant the perfumy breath,  
Ere yet it tasted life's sorrow or joy,  
And the frail tender blossom he clasps it in death,  
Claiming these as his share what all hope must  
destroy.

A bright child meets his gaze, one of gladness and  
bliss,  
Without warning or call his sting he imparts,  
The grave opens wide, a last parting kiss,  
Are all that remain of the bright glowing spark.

In her bridal array of immaculate white  
Stands a virgin in life to be wed,

Ere the first shadows creep that herald the night,  
Lies the broken lily, each heart-throb now dead.

A mother had gathered her fond ones once more  
To her side, and with tears of her heart doth she  
weep,  
Her task first begun, each trial she bore,  
Will soon cease forever in her painless sleep.

Where the breezy sway of the banners unfurled,  
And the trumpets inspired the combatants brave,  
Lie the armies in death, from fame's pinnacle hurled,  
No incense or prayer wafts over their graves.

Old age seeks its doom when all others have fled,  
Gently awaiting the time for the realms of its  
flight,  
And the same mother earth must provide yet a bed  
For the slumbering clay through the seasonless  
nights.

---

## THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

---

Slowly down the path of life  
Cares and joys are fast decreasing,  
Painful often was the strife ;  
Hark ! the funeral bell is peeling,

Telling all that wish to hear  
That one more soul has left this year,  
That a soul hath sought her rest,  
Gone to heaven to join the blessed.

For this soul the cares are ended,  
As she stands, all robed in white,  
Before His throne in adoration bended,  
All aglow with mellow light.

Now she sees what mortal eyes have never seen,  
What the pride of man hath lost,  
What for all His cherished could have been,  
What His precious blood has bought.

Sees Him in her Father's home,  
Watching e'er with tender love,  
Bidding all : O, loved ones ! come  
To His heavenly home above.

Sees the Cherubim adoring,  
Hears the Seraphim imploring,  
And the powers plead Him most  
For a soul that near was lost.

And the saints are ever standing  
Looking at the spotless Lamb,  
Who on earth their only comfort,  
And to whom they ever chant.

Jesus' sweetest love has bought,  
Bought our souls which once were lost ;  
For this we will ever bring  
Humility's sweetest offering.

---



## FAITH.

---

Faith! What a charm lies in the word, and what a deep meaning does it convey.

How does it thrill our souls with ecstasy and enthusiasm?—grander and nobler than all earthly honors and pleasures in harmony can give.

They are transitory and perish, oft of a day's birth are their duration. But Faith remains with us from the cradle to the grave. It gives us strength to perform deeds of heroism, not for praise or recompense, but simply because a higher reward awaits the charitable.

Faith is the foundation and groundwork of all that is inspiring, and faith alone produces good works. When the heart is bubbling over with joy and feasting in delight, then faith is the heart's most pleasant companion.

But when the heart has been deprived of that which seems near and dear, and overcome with sadness, groans beneath the weight of its burden and cries for solace, then faith is the only consolation.

If the world would be guided by faith it would be equal to the difference, and vastly more between a bed of thistles transformed into fragrant roses. Where is the end of its bounds?

Hourly, day after day arrive the pilgrims knocking at the portal of eternity. None have ever remained within this bondage, though many would desire it, scorning their one opportunity to accomplish their end, and gain a laurel of immortality's bliss for their labors.

Faith with its destiny is for all. The monarch of a nation gathers his entrusted subjects beneath his mighty protection, when danger and destruction threatens them, yet his solicitude is limited to a nation. Faith seeks its way into the hearts of all nations, tribes and zones. For so is it written :

They shall testify from the utmost parts of the world, and blessed are they. Who could then be negligent of so precious a gem !

Who would not be filled to overflowing with zeal to see this glorious heaven's bestowed cause reign supreme, regulate our desires, animate our speech, influence our actions, and lastly, steer us into the haven of safety. May the blessing of Faith bring fruit in these times of peace as it has inflamed the hearts of a countless multitude that have departed and found their goal.

Beneath the royal robe of faith

The world can find its rest.

Woe, woe to him who dying saith

My chance is gone, and 'twas not blest !

---

## THE SHEPHERD'S LOT.

---

Behold, O world, the priceless boon of love  
Brought down from messengers above,  
In stilly night of crystalled splendor,  
To shepherds' realms divinely meek and tender.

Not where the warmth of down caressing soothes  
But where the jeweled heaven human measures  
    lose  
And sanctity with humbleness held seat,  
There was the holiest babe placed at her feet.

Long ere the sunrise kissed Judean hills  
Shall heaven jubilant be stilled.

Where borne by breezes from the throne  
Of Him whose Godness through them shone,  
Soared downward in transcendent light ;  
Angels of joy, their's was the night.

Not to the monarch's tottering bounds,  
Not to the sages yet uncrowned ;  
Low to the simple reared and meek,  
Shepherds installed, did the angels seek.

Oh for the destined that sped to the spot,  
Light for their darkness and a princedom their lot,  
Knowing but duty and the voice of their God  
Beckoning the watchful that dwelt with their flock.

Ere by the bugle the day-king was graced,  
In slumber enfolded his creatures embraced,  
Sped the eager and saw by the light of a star  
The fruit of a virgin who had come from afar.

---

## MOMENTS OF BLISS.

---

There are moments when the spirit wanders  
Back to hours of infant bliss,  
O'er one spot it lingering ponders,  
Where a mother gave her first-born kiss.

Where a mother took her tender offspring,  
Clasped it to her breast, her joy complete,  
Scorned the world's entrancing pleasures  
For just one step of her loved one's tiny feet.

Those moments they were precious spent  
When one was happy and one was content,  
But I knock now in vain at time's warped and  
shriveled door,  
For a sign above its entrance dimly reads, "No  
more."

Within the chamber's pillaged  
The union too is rent,  
She sleeps a pace beyond the village,  
The one that was content.

And the little feet have long since trodden  
O'er the various paths of life,

Sometimes right and often faltering,  
In the tangled net of strife.

Often groaning 'neath the burden  
Of a heartless stinged reproach,  
Castles dreamed of, shattered, buried  
By a tongue's malicious stroke.

If a friend should rise against thee,  
Undermine your heart's ease earned,  
Cast your name upon the highways,  
Then you human ways have learned.

Let this scene, then, rise before you,  
Saying, see your mother loved ;  
Pardon him whom you despises,  
Reap your harvest once above.

---

## SUPPLICATION.

---

Almighty Father, lend Thy listening ear,  
Thy child in pain would pray to Thee;  
Thou holdest in Thy hand all spheres,  
Oh ! couldst Thou then forsake me.

Maker of all my eye can view,  
The silent space o'erhead ;  
Of nature ages man and brute,  
Without Thy bidding ever dead.

Leave not Thine image to be slain,  
Of that which I must bring adorned—  
My soul ! Oh ! clothe Thou it again  
With innocence, such as when it was born.

Thou art my one ambition, such can but thrill my  
veins,  
Then give once more a pardon, infuse Thy godly  
will,  
Then all may fall around me—may o'er and o'er  
again  
My soul be plunged in sorrow. I shall be  
still.

Oh ! let me see Thy signal bright, where'er the clime  
    may be,  
And thither shall I roam, my habitation build ;  
Stamp but the seal of hope's sweet ecstasy,  
All that is mine I will forsake—and were it crown  
    and guild.

From Thee is all. To Thee again  
Flows back, that bars and chains can ne'er hold  
    bound ;  
Then since I'm here, but not forever to remain.  
Oh ! make my life and deeds the victor's ground.

---



## TWILIGHT OF SABBATH MORN.

---

Comes the twilight of morn when the queen of dead  
midnight

Gathers in her stray vassals and seeks her retreat,  
With her dew and her stars and her soft beams of  
moonlight

She bids earth quickly farewell lest the day she  
must greet.

From the east, in the heavens, the heralds of day  
Spread their trappings so royal and beautiful  
fringed,

Now forth comes the day-king in glittering array  
And decks nature's garb with life's loveliest tinge.

Awakening the orioles with plumage of gold,  
So merrily to chirp now their anthem of praise,  
Haloing the mountain crests, wild, stern and bold,  
Dispelling the mists by his arrowy rays.

Renewing the chant of the e'er busy bee,  
Opening each petal for his tiny winged flock,  
Kissing e'en the waves of the troubled deep sea,  
Blending the lone isle's distantest rock.

Sing, then, my soul, on this Sabbath morn,  
Lay of thy praise, and hasten to meet,  
Blessings that shadow e'en the rays of the sun,  
To the shrine of God's love where His mercy  
holds seat.

Bring Him thy gift of a heart so contrite,  
Asking for much though deserving of none,  
Pleading at most His love to unite,  
Making thine His and leaving but one.

---

## DEATH OF ST. PANCRATIUS.

---

A noble mother's virtuous son,  
With all the traits of ancient Roman blood  
inspired,  
Save one. For many sad and helpless stood  
In darkness, yet enslaved. Within him glowed  
the zeal of Christian fires.

From infancy, observant to the law  
Of church and pontiff, though hidden yet from  
view,  
The pagan tyrant, thus spurned to fury, stood aghast  
and saw  
Each daily fête of blood, the number of the Chris-  
tian ranks renew.

To open combat with the raving hordes  
That spurned his choice, it caused his heart to leap,  
And from his harp wrung joyous chords,  
I hail thee, morn of triumph! No more I'll weep.

Like burnished gold its lustre holds,  
And gems that sparkle from their inmost depths,  
His sainted mother shapes and molds  
This princely soul for heaven's contest.

To Rome's arenic theatre of blood the multitude  
that craves

To see his limpid eyes to-day have rushed  
Amid the trumpets blare and banners sways,  
As if by magic 'fore their gaze he stands. The  
human sea is hushed.

With lofty mien and smile, so heavenly benign—  
Disturb him not. The silver cloud that calms the  
storm ;

'Tis peaceful now, yet for his blood they pine,  
The passions drink his life blood crimson warm.

The tempting tyrant leaves the throne,  
With flattering terms and shimmering state ;  
But of his vows, the youth hears none,  
With raptured eyes impatiently awaits his fate.

Who spurns the grace the tyrant cries,  
With foaming rage and bated breath,  
And demons flashing from his eyes,  
Thy lot is cast ; thy price is death.

His death-knell given. A steer appears  
With its ferocious glare and sweeps the sands.  
It seeks its victim. But does it fear ?  
For lo ! It sees him now. 'Tis docile as a lamb.

The charms of a sorcerer, cries the fear-stricken  
crowd,

As they espy a gold locket that jewels his neck ;  
'Tis the blood of my father, the blood from his brow,  
Who died where I stand. 'Tis all I have left.

I long for his rest. Oh, chasen it not !

But the panther, "'twas his," oh, bring it to me !

A panther? 'Tis well ! It shall soon be thy lot ;

His howl shall be hushed by the death-wail of  
thee.

Once more to the cage, the panther is free,

With its eyes of green fire and gigantic spring,

It spurns thus its victim, a last joyous plea,

And the soul of Pancratius has taken its wings.

---

## TEARS.

---

Thou wast born into the world an infant weak and small,

Thy first born gift a tear as yet to thee unknown,  
Upon thy tender face it glistened still so loath to fall,  
Its charms it would not lose through life have never flown.

Little by little then came reason and knowledge united,

Many were the plays of thy childhood's happy days,  
Few yet the tears, though, when they fell, always blighted  
Some fond hope deprived of its rapturous sway.

Passionate pleasures reined yet thy ambition,

Friends came and went as the shining white frost,  
Agonies lay buried and trials, like visions,  
Rose and sank round thy ship so unwary tossed.

The tide has now turned and storms gather in

On thy manhood prepared for the battle of life;  
Defiant and brave, often tempted to sin,

Gentle tears soothe thy soul when most bitter is strife.

Youthful revels forgotten, the furrows of care  
Are tracing their lines and darkening thy brow,  
Thou couldst envy the dumb or the haunt of his lair,  
Time has dealt many changes, thou see'st it now.

Back again comes the tide and clings to the strand,  
Thou art gently descending, thy time beaten oar  
Is severing the waves, thou sightest safe land,  
And the ages departed are thine never more.

Peaceful quiet has smoothed thy tempest swept brow,  
And chastened her furrows, encircled in white ;  
Age's haloes and tears closely wedded do now  
Prepare for the journey thy soul for the night.

---

## ANTHEM OF TWILIGHT.

---

Calm and gentle the evening breeze  
    Wafts my thoughts onward ; the daylight declines  
Wishing forever its stay, not its leave,  
    Awaiting the stars merry twinkle and shine.

Hearing the rush of the clear waterfalls,  
    Dispersing the sprays of its dewladen veil ;  
Hearing the voice of the boatman's call,  
    Scanning the deep lest a wind for his sail.

Chasing a bird from its leafy retreat,  
    Basking in twilight's shadowy haze,  
Warbling its lay ere its dreamless sleep,  
    Donning its hood of deep tinted maze.

Inhaling the perfume of the fragrant wild rose,  
    Treading the sweet-scented grass so profuse ;  
Creeping so quiet the day in its close,  
    Lies in its grandeur each gem so diffuse.

Giving courage, the fire-fly, fleet on the wing,  
    Darting in liberty, so agile and small ;



From the heart of the wild wood the hares sprightly  
spring,  
Frolicking in mirth 'neath the hemlocks, stately and  
tall.

Decking so solemn the churchyard and dome,  
With its shining white marble and cluster-wreathed  
scrolls ;  
Here the pilgrim finds rest, the body a home,  
The soul flying upwards awaiting its goal.

Lending the convent chimes silvery tone,  
Calling their fold to the rest of the just,  
Chasing the shadows where agonized moan,  
Whispering sweet solace: In God put your trust.

---

## THE RALLY.

---

They came along, a seeming endless throng,  
With drum and fife and joyous song ;  
Beneath the silentness of night  
Each marcher bore his torch so bright.  
The patriarchs, with flowing beards,  
Exerted all their strength and speed  
As if they bore their nation's gilded rod ;  
Statelier than they none had trod.  
Bearing their heart's ambition, perhaps the last,  
They know the fleeting hours, 'tis why their hearts  
beat fast.

Once had they paved their idol's steep ascent,  
Regardless of the sacred bonds it rent.  
Higher than theirs no fame need rise,  
Within this sun-kissed land below the skies.  
The young were there, the innocent and fair,  
Who saw but sheer delight at every glance ye every-  
where,  
And banners floated, full unfurled their stars and  
stripes,  
Waving their tidings of peace from above, this festive  
night.

Then came the crowning sight,  
Drawn by the steeds so white,

Columbian maidens robed in white,  
Singing a hymn, their hearts so light.  
Each state its bridesmaid found this night ;  
They sang a song, so old yet ever new,  
My country, 'tis of thee, 'tis mine and 'tis for you,  
Each faithful lover of her soil,  
Who at her hearths rejoice and toil,  
Who gloried in her infant pride,  
With voice of one accord their fate e'en now to her  
confide.

Had all Arabian pomp and glitter  
Stepped on the scene, with all its oriental flutter,  
It could have seen its own bright fairy lamps  
Reflecting o'er the multitude whose ardor would not  
damp.

They seemed a tribe from every zone  
Uniting 'neath the hollowed autumn dome.  
Proudly they bore their torches on,  
Wild was the air with mirth and song,  
Vast and imposing the jubilant throng,  
As they marched for their leader and victory won.

## THE TRAMP.

---

'Twas dawning night, the rain in torrents gushed,  
Each little bird, in cozy nook, was stowed away ;  
The swelling brook, its noisy song did lull,  
But sad was he, his voice was hushed.

No friend to help, no foe to harm,  
He weary toiled his way in thought perplexed ;  
What bliss would be a fire to warm,  
Such visions are not real but only vex.

The dreary cheerless night, and one of darkness,  
No glimmering ray of sympathetic moon to  
guide,  
Though firesides he saw, the homes of many heart-  
less,  
For outcasts do no warmth and light provide.

A sad and woeful lot, 'twas his to bear,  
And yet 'twas always not such bitter fate ;  
Upon this storm-tossed wreck some light had rested  
there,  
But to recall it now he thought 'twas—"ah ! too  
late."

Remorse was his, and grief too deep for human  
tongue to tell,  
But where the beckoning haven that bringeth  
hope and cheer ;  
A spark of grace was spared him when he fell ;  
'Twill through the stormy night him safely steer.

He is king of the vagrants, a vast ruling empire,  
From the crest of the mount to the shore of the sea,  
A monarch dethroned that no awe can inspire,  
He ekes out his life in this land of the free.

From the cold cruel blasts of winter he fled  
To the warm sunny South where the orioles sing,  
And the soft dewy grass can provide him a bed,  
There he reigns in his kingdom no one envious  
of him.

---

## IN MEMORIAM.

---

One morning in mid winter, ere sunbeams sought  
the earth,  
And in an humble cottage they gathered round the  
hearth ;  
They missed, this morn, one sweet mild face with  
dimples deep and rare,  
For she lay upon her little couch, death's angel had  
been there.

Without the snow-birds lightly chirped and sought  
their daily food,  
But the little maid that fed them oft, and in their  
midst had stood,  
Saw not the droves that settled down and sat on  
leafless trees,  
For her virgin soul had taken wings with the day's  
saluting breeze.

So silent was the maiden breast, so still the youthful  
heart,  
And still the fond ones round her press and weep-  
ingly depart ;  
56

A chaplet blest, yet clasped she in her hands  
As if they for her should proclaim, thus shall I near  
God stand.

They clad her in a robe of white, for white is innocence,  
And o'er her brow of raven curls a wreath of flowers bent,  
The same pale petals, buds and leaves  
That crowned her glowing temples when, on devoted knees,

She at the banquet ate that heavenly food  
Of which such grace had come that kept her always good ;  
And there she lay a lily fair, and lily like adorned,  
Like the snow that 'neath her window in pearly whiteness shone.

Then tapers at her head they placed, and fixed her sightless gaze  
Out o'er the snow-clad hillocks, and to the wood's blue haze,  
Till they bore her to the church-yard's consecrated bed,  
Where, beneath the wintry sward, she sleeps now with the dead.

The Sabbath sun is bidding adieu to the day,  
peering forth from a cloud of royal purple and amber,  
faintly showering its farewell tinge of loveliness o'er  
the hallowed mounds of the cemetery.

This silent undisturbed city, with its white granite shafts, its unadorned crosses, beautiful in the simplicity of their sculpture, with the frosted feathery grass waving like the foam of the wintry sea o'er the consecrated dead.

As if stamped with a stigma of peace, the quietude preaches its sermon to the listening ear, and the breezes coming and going have lost their melancholy wail, and breathe of rest, ever seeming as if they said :

Before you reach these stilly gates,  
All strife has ceased and ended.

A flood of recollections rush through the mind,  
and restless yet the attentive pilgrim can hear :

See how ambition lieth low,  
Beneath the shroud of winter snow.  
How tranquil is their dreamless sleep,  
As gentle as the slumbering sheep,  
Who seek no harm but meekness preach,  
And harm can never more them reach.  
The philosopher lies, of his learning shorn,  
By the guileless form of a mother's first born,  
A maiden robbed of her youthful charms,  
And a youth who never encountered a storm,  
A mother whose pride was her doveling's bereft,  
And a father whose leave broken ties has left.

Whither are they gone?

The young and the old, the great and the small,  
Resting side by side 'neath the grave-yard's pall.



Look but above and ask thy faith.

How dear to me are the blessed acres containing so much that was precious and near.

Dearer is that which sleeps beneath the turf.  
More revered and sacred the hallowed breast where  
once beat a heart overflowing with compassion and  
noble sentiment.

Yet tread we the streets of mortality, but are we  
content?

Onward and onward we strive, for a holier destination is our aim.

A purer air would fain we breathe,  
Where strife and envy blossom not,  
But love from steeples ring and sound,  
Where time its end no name begot,  
And peace forever abounds,  
No sin the joy to mar or grieve.

---

## TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

---

Rare sparkling gems of fabulous wealth untold,  
The bosom of the storm-tossed sea doth hold,  
'Mid rugged reefs of coral red  
And glistening pearls that form a snowy bed.

The fish do frolic at their will,  
With shining fins and maizy hues ;  
And with their eyes, with rapture thrilled,  
Scan playfully the deep sea blue.

The sun in splendor from above  
Doth never penetrate the deep,  
And yet, the space with life doth move  
As flying meteors that at night appear.

The brilliant gems are there to stay,  
For those are realms that prove  
The greatness of the universe  
That Providence divine doth rule.

## CHIEF OGLEHEAD'S FAREWELL.

---

Fleecy clouds were gayly gathering  
O'er Columbia's western sky,  
Faint and worried, poor and chattering  
Oglehead was lying. Soon to die.

Warriors brave were gathering in  
Once more to view his noble brow,  
Absorbed in sad reflections 'mid the din  
Of haunted beasts and hooting owls.

The mighty monarch of the woods,  
He whispered low, is calling me;  
O happy king with youthful brood  
I envy thee for power and glee.

Had I thy strength to crush the foe  
That robbed of me my wooded home,  
Whose mighty reign hath bowed me low,  
His answer was the night wind's moan.

Silent and mute the braves remain;  
Only the voice of the chief is heard  
Counting the names of his brave ones slain,  
Roaming now in the peaceful worlds.

Now he's commanding where he must lie,  
E'er another sun has gone down in the West ;  
With his bow and arrow at his side,  
For his truant weapons must share his rest.

O'er his repose they must dance and sing ;  
Chastise their bodies and burn his wood,  
Smoke his pipe and drink his gin,  
Glory his death in a frolicking mood.

Die in peace thóu child of the woods,  
Thy stolen rights thee glory wins ;  
Thy warpath trod thy wigwams that stood—  
Live on through thy braves and their following  
kin.

---

## MOTHERHOOD.

---

Alone in silent meditation wrapped,  
Her feeble hands so gently resting in her lap,  
Upon her brow the silver wand of age,  
Telling its tale truer than poet or sage.

Her soft dimmed eyes of tender sympathy,  
Devoid of passion's fire yet full of love,  
And graceful smile of rare antiquity,  
Vieing in meekness the peace breathing dove.

Her gentle tread ever eager to seek human woe,  
And a soothing caress that banishes frowns,  
A world full of comfort for the weary and low,  
Thus she changes distress to the softest of down.

A heart full of patience, both tried and elected,  
Bears she fitting a share of the cross of her Lord,  
For her most signal favor grateful children selected,  
Her course near at end, now awaiting reward.

From the days of creation, and long ere that time,  
Was her name that of mother inscribed,  
When the heavens were alone, infant stars erst yet  
shined,  
'Twas then God decreed : In the mother confide.

Then came man's creation, and then came the fall  
From the hearts of lone creatures in their pitiful  
state,  
And o'er the earth gathered death its icy pall,  
Of one mother the fairest an angel relates.

Though many wear crowns and shimmer in state,  
Basking e'er in life's pleasures, never thinking of  
death,  
A mother cannot, she knows earthly fate  
When a slab of white marble is all she has left.

Then to mother's fair memory burn the bright light  
immortal,  
'Tis but the share our deep affection can bring  
And when once her soul enters heavenly portals  
We know that her glory the angels will sing.

---

## OUR WASHINGTON.

---

History's pages filled with valor  
Wrought through trial's cruel blast,  
Strewing aches and deathly pallor  
Sought its end of strife at last.

Behold him thus ! with fiery passion  
For liberty, not fame and state,  
Arousing hearts and urging mercy  
Upon the vanquished regal's fate.

Leading brave the truant heroes  
From the hills and dales of yore,  
Charging graceful, dauntless, fearless,  
On Columbia's rugged shore.

Waging war for independence—  
Gaining victory, proud banners sway ;  
Cling with zeal his brave descendants,  
America, fair bride, thou saw her nuptial day.

Those days have fled, that bore us concord,  
On wings of bloodshed's bitter draught ;  
Our priceless gift is peace—our comfort  
Was a dying moan for those it wrought.

Hail, fair Columbia's honored knight,  
Who dauntless true and ever royal,  
Has ope'd the gate of liberty's light  
And paved her path with honesty's dial.

Bright lives thy name in memory's charm,  
From the chilled northern snows to the balmy  
South,  
And in each true heart, so loyal and warm,  
Burns thy undying fame that never will out.

Ages will dawn o'er thy cherished wide lands ;  
Valor will e'er be her most willowy palm ;  
Nations will seek her, and clasp heart and hands,  
Hymning thy fame in her national psalms.

---



## CALAMITY.

---

Dark clouds had hovered all the day  
O'er the befated town ;  
The fearful calm that now prevailed  
Betokened ghastly mourn.

A warning came, a flying steed  
All bathed with sprays of foam ;  
The rider gasped : Oh leave and flee !  
Then like a gust of wind was gone.

But many stayed and saw at once,  
The awful truth that he had told,  
For surging waves, like angry tongues  
Of fire, certain death foretold.

The maddened waves now heaved and lashed,  
As furies in their utmost power,  
And on the city hungry dashed,  
And in its whirlpool all devoured.

The cry that from a mother's lips was wrenched,  
As filled with horror and distress  
She to her breast her infant clutched,  
Of faintest hope her soul bereft,

Was drowned by howling sounds  
Such as the animals enraged  
Bring forth when hunted down,  
And wounded in their blood do lay.

How few remained to tell the woes  
Of human hearts now gone,  
Of cheerful homes now bleak and cold,  
Devoid of warmth and joyous songs.

Beneath the church-yard's placid stones of marble  
white,  
That crown the mounds of green and flowers,  
The treasured dead repose ; in solemn peace they lie,  
Whilst Providence divine their narrow homes  
with nature's beauty covers.

---

## ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

---

Surrounded by rays of supernal splendor,  
She cast off the dreary cold mantle of death,  
Thus proved by her grace the infinite grandeur  
Of Him, who on Calvary hung sad and bereft.

The tomb, filled with perfume of fragrant roses,  
Opened wide, and her immaculate body shone  
forth  
As a morning star, that its lustre diffuses  
As it follows, according to dictates of heaven, its  
course.

No pageant of earth was called for her triumph,  
But the heralds of heaven, her coming proclaimed,  
In flowing robes of rainbow, tinted  
With sparkling prisms of jewel-decked trains.

No monarch or king was e'er so rich robed ;  
No purer joy by man yet tasted,  
As the voice of her gentle soul burst forth,  
In exultant praise to Him who her awaited.

The clouds parted wide and the moon shone forth,  
With its beams of rare and radiant light ;  
But higher the Virgin and angels did soar,  
Leaving the earth wrapped in the sombre silence  
of night.

To the beautiful throne, in the emerald city,  
They escorted her then and hailed her as queen ;  
And from the one eternal Deity  
She received her reward in the mystic realms.

And from henceforth on with burning desire  
To once see her children around her throne ;  
She reigns heaven's queen with saintly choirs,  
She praises the Spirit, the Father and Son.

---

## EASTER TIDINGS.

---

O sound the harps ye sweet angelic choirs,  
Sing forth in glorious hymns of jubilee  
Ye cherubs bright, with souls aglow with fire,  
Of love and heavenly revelry.

O glorious morn, the fairest and serene,  
Of days the happiest, most hallowed blest ;  
Triumphant morn, no victory hath been  
So full of glory ; calm thy rest.

O Easter morn, we hail thy dawn ;  
O Saviour of man, in Thy power risen,  
We bow in awe at Thy majesty won ;  
Our adoration all to Thee be given.

O beautiful tomb, now quiet and deserted,  
Wherein the treasure of love was laid,  
Who, through thy power, the darkness converted  
To brilliant light of ne'er waning day.

O standard of faith, in thy revealed resurrection,  
In countless numbers the faithful do flock  
To pay thee their homage ; in thy exaltation,  
To feast and with thee rejoice.

Around this faith our hope is centered,  
And once our fair morn shall appear,  
When our souls through the portals of love shall  
enter,  
And greet our fair Lord in the heavenly spheres.

---

## MIDNIGHT SCENES.

---

The winds are howling their dismal tunes  
Through the streets that are laden with snow,  
And the feeble rays of the winter moon  
In the western sky are sinking low.

The homes of wealth are closed for the night,  
And the dying embers, flickering faint,  
Are shedding a weird and fanciful light  
O'er the tranquil face of a pictured saint.

'Tis the hour of midnight ! From the lofty spire  
The fleeting of time is tolling its chant  
Like the ponderous notes of a jubilee choir,  
And the melodious tone of a choral kant.

Beneath the height of this sombre spire  
The soft melting flame of the altar lamp  
Is spreading its light for the worshipping choirs  
That are keeping their watch for the Sacrament.

Hark ! The cloistered nuns are crossing the aisles  
To chant the lay of the new born day,  
In their flowing garb and heaven-born smile  
They are eager to come at this hour to pray.

At the mystical throne of this fountain of grace  
They offer their share of grateful hearts,  
Thus clothe their souls with the armor of faith  
The visit now made they silent depart.

'Tis the hour of midnight! In a bleak wretched  
hovel  
Lies a fragile mother sick unto death;  
'Gainst the merciless cold, no warm bed or cover  
Save her pallet of straw. 'Tis all she has left.

In this home of the poor, the friendless, forsaken,  
The frost plays at havoc on window and stair;  
Oh! where are the kin these shadows to chasten  
From these dying lips to banish despair?

'Twill all soon be over! The heart-rending wail  
Will have fled with the fleeting of time,  
And the bitter cup she hath drank to the dregs  
Will have changed from the myrrh to the purest  
of wine.

'Tis the hour of midnight! In a vile-reeking den  
The low and depraved are casting away  
Their pearls for lust's pleasures. When, oh! when,  
Will the light of virtue pierce their hearts with  
one ray?

To the high and low the tempter doth speed,  
And many he lures thus to ruin and sin;  
Of their beauty bereft they follow his steed  
Which leads to perdition and secures them for him.



The shadow of night doth cover their crimes,  
For the dark veil of nature no secret betrays ;  
But the mills of God's justice that steadily grind  
Await in flamed wrath the end of their prey.

'Tis a night in the city ; 'tis but one of the many  
That make their appearance with the setting sun ;  
And oft, yet these scenes of one night will continue  
Till the last fatal night—the coming of One.

---

## A DREAM.

---

A dream, 'tis but a fitful vision  
That opens portals wide for all ;  
It lacks the truth, it lacks decision,  
'Tis but a sight from unseen calls.

It often times, in balmy bliss,  
Surrounds the fair recipient,  
With mockery fair imprints a kiss  
Upon the slow delinquent.

It often times, through cities large,  
Through crowded streets and places,  
Midst thundering roar of armies' call,  
Shows to his eyes strange faces.

It often times unites in sorrow  
Fond loving hearts in different lands,  
Yet makes them sigh when on the morrow  
Proves that illusions were their dreams, bare  
as the sands.

---

## NOVEMBER DAYS.

---

November days are here,  
Weird wintry winds are blowing ;  
Earth's raiment now presents a bier,  
Her garb of verdure she fast away is stowing.

A dismal pose her leafless trees  
Present to man, and hours of sunshine  
Have sped away. The busy bees  
Themselves to winter's rest resign.

Her summer minstrels' chirp is gone,  
Their haunts and nests deserted  
For sunny climes elsewhere, beyond  
The reach of man created.

Dark threatening clouds, mid angry sounds  
Of thunder's roll and nature's moan,  
Appear and leave, whilst hunted down  
The sportsman's game doth roam.

No perfumed petal of fragrant flower  
Reveals its beauty, stripped of their leaves,  
Nude and barren ; the autumnal showers  
Reflect in the twilight and hasten the eves.

## A MOTHER'S DEATH.

---

Tread gently and quiet if once more you would view,  
By the flickering light of the candle, her face,  
Lest the anguishing sob, she is uttering for you,  
Die away e'er you reach the agonized place.

Place her transparent hand to your lips full of love,  
Tell her troubled heart your bitter sorrow  
For the numberless acts of child's folly that drove  
Many a deserving rest from her sleepless pillow.

See her beautiful brow, so calm and serene,  
Stamped with patience divine and affection,  
Where the tempests and sunshine of trials yet seem  
But the echoes of many an affliction.

Smooth her care-whitened hair, once so golden and  
    bane,  
Now damp with the dew of exhaustion,  
Bathe the throbbing temples that ache and pain  
In the last throes of death's perspiration.

See the light that is beckoning a last farewell glance  
From her eyes, once so lustrous and fair ;

In a moment 'twill leave and, broken askant,  
Will an angel have sealed them with glassy stare.

The moment is golden that is ebbing away  
Into the endless gulf of eternity's stream,  
When another choice victim of death's reaper will  
lay  
'Neath the earth's grassy sod and willowy screen.

Then you'll seek her in each chamber and glance at  
each chair  
That once held her precious form ever dear.  
Fear not, sad heart, when threatening dangers scare,  
Your sainted mother then your pining grief shall  
hear.

---

## TIME.

---

Time is but grace which if well spent  
Shall multiply a talent lent;  
'Tis like a star whose distant light  
Gleams through the wakes of born and faded  
nights.

Time is but time and ne'er returns  
An offer to do good whilst life's frail lamp still  
burns,  
And, shrinking ne'er from duty, seeks to guide  
Each pilgrim of the earth unto a peaceful tide.

Where are the ages buried deep and dim?  
Where are the countless souls but given back to  
Him?  
Why crumble towers low, why moulders stone to  
filmy must?  
Because all mortal power fails and dust returns to  
dust.

Why should the soul be slain, and clad  
With deadened bones on pallid slabs,  
Since He who gave her birth hath said:  
"Live on, eternal live, and be by wisdom fed."

Then is the soul immortal, and is immortal, too,  
The God that gave it to us, to me and you,  
And planted in its depth this sign and guide for all  
alike,  
By overcoming self and sin is precious time spent  
right.

Who would then be his passion's slave,  
Who would not strive his soul to save?  
Toil on with time so deep and true—  
Truer than sunlight, purer than dew.

Be time's companion levelling the way  
To an end certain coming on a dawning day ;  
Let your aim be God's glory, the talent he lent  
Shall your merit then be when death's summons is  
sent.

---

## THE SILENT TESTIMONY.

---

When in that silent valley we shall stand,  
Where silent messengers shall lead us by the hand,  
And graves release their endless train of mortals  
    stowed away  
Each century from infancy unto this last born day.

Yea, from the graves and chasms come the legions  
    slain,  
And e'en the heaving sea gives back its dead again,  
When all is ghastly quiet, save the sea's lamenting  
    moans ;  
Where shall we flee when all created souls thus  
    roam.

Then shall the scenes be brought to view  
That from thy sheltering walls went forth ;  
Yea, then all would misdeeds undo,  
And fain would bargain for thy worth.

Where knelt all nations of the earth,  
In supplication hither bent,  
And faith incessant showed its birth,  
Grace lavish flowed upon the penitent.



Thy prophesy revealed its pure eternal truths,  
In grander tone than 'neath all ruling monarchs'  
    roofs,  
To powers that hath dared to scorn Thy crimsoned  
    wound,  
Who sought the veil of darkest night and sealed  
    their fatal doom.

The castaway that strove to desecrate Thy mounted  
    rood,  
And hoist the flags of error, that scattered Thine  
    own brood  
Upon the treacherous lanes, with false and failing  
    signs,  
Bore from Thy hallowed realms no soldier's share  
    of mine.

Deep shall their cause be sunken down,  
When comes the sign Thy prophets found,  
And bore for Thee, 'mid blood to shroud,  
Unto Thy coming from the clouds.

Exalted shalt Thou be, in all Thy following,  
From all created bounds, yea, all  
That trusted in Thy motherhood ;  
From Thy blest soil sprang martyrs good.

The pleading souls Thy anger just appeased,  
The merciful that gave the suffering ease  
Of those that taught Thy word to men,  
On isles unknown, brought light of faith to  
    them.

Upon their brow the Godhead will impart  
A crown of bliss, no bitterness shall thwart  
Eternal peace without the touch of pain ;  
Thus wilt Thou see Thine triumph, forever to  
remain.

---

## PEACEFUL NIGHT.

---

Peaceful night! borne from the eternal citadel of the skies, heralded and accompanied by its citizens, the angels, amid rejoicing and songs of their jubilee choirs, thou art indeed the select night.

Long lay the earth in waiting for thee and the beauty that would come forth from thy silentness. Centuries of sorrow and lamentations mingling with the sanctified wail of the departed just are transformed to immortal strains of glory and melody born at the throne of the most high God.

Yet knelt on wrathful soil the faithful few, pleading the clouds to bring down the flower from the Root of Jesse, Prince of Peace, Redemption, Light and Comforter. Patriarchs with burning hearts of desire, vieing the warm impulsive beating of the righteous young reared 'neath Solomonic temple shade and influence, when lo! the prophet's message is embodied and "The Word made Flesh."

Holy night! thou art the chosen teacher of sanctity through humility, since the All Holy was enthroned on the bedding of straw 'midst poverty, sending from thither thy messengers unto lowly and gentle shepherds to be the first adorers of the infant Messiah.

Night of Destiny ! thou art the counsel of the past, the guide of the present, and the destiny of the future, hidden in the bosom of eternity. All time is blest in thee anew. Long shall the legions come forth to sing thy beauty, effulgent night. Many have been the dawn and departures of thy repeated glories and illumination, yet remainest thou the brightest star of mortals' hopes pilgriming 'neath thy sacred quietude.

---

## THE BLIND.

---

Hear the plaintive cry of the blind man's strains,  
Ye festive clad thronging the gala deck'd streets,  
Whilst your hearts yet are free from the shadows of  
    pain,  
And with ringing mirth each another doth greet.

Not the blind ; for him splendor may dazzle in vain,  
And the ray of a smile never brightens his fate,  
Though a time once was his when many again  
    Passed he by ere he reached this desolate state.

Poor, wandering and lonely, a pitiful sight,  
For the heart once accustomed to laughter and  
    praise,  
Devoid of a home, deprived of his sight,  
Dole sadly his airs whenever he plays.

A father of poor little waifs to keep,  
And never a look a fond mother bestows,  
With a happier to-morrow he sings them to sleep,  
Drying often a tear that unheeded would flow.

Some tears they mingle with the dust,  
Many a sob escapes his lips to unknown realms,

Yet day by day he humbly trusts  
His plight to Him whose blood redeems.

Let the balm of your solace then loosen his bonds,  
And soothe the woes of the poor one, the stricken  
forlorn,  
Pour the wine of compassion as the Samaritan longed  
To restore back to health the beaten and worn.

And the angel of love that guardeth the blind  
Will in faith pen the deed in the white book of  
life,  
Till the hour of his release, when his sight he will  
find,  
And his strains accompany his soul from this  
valley of strife.

---

## THE TRIBUTE OF THE PIONEERS.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

---

God's power supreme hath stilled a voice  
That once to many hearts gave cheer,  
And as I sit alone, the quiet night  
Awakes to me his memory ever dear.

To times forever flown, I know not whence,  
And yet each glance would tell me: see  
Yon milky way among the skies he trod, from  
thence  
He walked the pearly streets to endless jubilee.

But thou must deck and guard his silent tomb,  
His youth's companions slumbering at his side;  
There flow no tides of dismal gloom,  
But all in tranquil rest abide.

How sigh the trees; behold the forest's few  
Where once the beasts and birds their callow  
broods have lain,

Their daily toil full many fruitful changes drew ;  
How wave the fertile fields, luxuriant now with  
golden grain.

Oh fleeing hours of winged mortality ! Oh time  
where hast thou sped ?

Why do the lowly pilgrims sleep ?  
'Tis well ! 'tis well ! their cool and narrow bed  
Likewise is mine, perchance the fathomed deep.

Sleep on, O cherished twain, bedecked with crowning  
ages,

Ere long will close your hallowed graves unite ;  
No glittering jeweled crown or illumed pages  
Can teach such truths sublime as did your frosted  
locks of hoary white.

Old age was their blessing, wintered hair was their  
crown,

Not the losses they sustained but the achievements  
they gained ;  
And the hardships they bore shall be handed down  
When their tombstones long are dim from ex-  
posure and rain.

As the sun at eventide casts a lingering reflection  
ere forever it leaves,

So did they die the death of age, 'twas not  
lamented youth,  
And it came as gentle as the quiet dawn of an eve,  
When the air is so calm and the clouds seem so  
smooth.



Undisturbed through the ages that will come and  
 decay  
 Is the homily that unceasing to the soul it doth  
 preach;  
 In eternity's domain, clad in their spiritual array,  
 Shall they hover before me, till their union I reach.

---

## MEDITATION.

---

Friend, on thy waxen brow we gaze,  
And from thy lips no warm breath comes,  
For it is gone. We ask amazed,  
Whither, oh whither ! and how long ?

How can we live without thy mirth ?  
Thine eyes, where shall we seek to find them ?  
So pure were they as ocean pearls,  
So full of charms and wisdom.

And thou hast left the task undone  
No other can complete for thee ;  
Thine parents had but one proud son,  
But one, whose smiles could give them glee.

Why didst thou leave a bride to mourn,  
Her grief to find no bosom fond  
Whereon to fix her hopes forlorn ?  
No answer comes from thy pale frond.

For thou hast never dealt the blow  
That clove your love in twain ;  
But speak ye silent lips that glowed  
In love's return, why art ye slain ?

We ask, though we plead in vain,  
No voice the secret will explain,  
Though we search the caverns deep, search wisdom's  
streets and lanes,  
And from the heavens that we see, implore the  
fatal name.

From none of these can we thy lost, gone self regain,  
'Tis thus we bow in grief and pour  
Caresses fond and tears upon thy bier, and fain  
Would stand with thee at heaven's door.

---

These witnesses, so grand and incomprehensive, alone can inspire the soul and appease her languishing when earthly consolations are fast fading from her grasp.

---

## REQUIEM.

---

On a wintry morning in the fisher hamlet of Adrian, built on the sand dunes of the Baltic sea, you can see, peering out over the leaping waves, a desolate fisherman's widow, with a wistful expression of countenance, who, searching in vain for a lost sail, after each unsuccessful illusion cowering down upon a solitary cliff, unmindful of the high waves that alternately immerse this barren crest, sings daily the following requiem as it were to the deep :

I made youth's bright wish and longed for its  
    blooming,  
As the flower's frail tendrils long for the spring ;  
It bloomed but, alas, though my heart ceased  
    swooning,  
Its solace is dead till life's fleeting ebb shall unite  
    me with him.

To the port where he sailed with blessings of mine,  
To see his fond mother so aged and lorn,  
I bade him God speed, remember what's thine,  
And buried my hope, predestined to mourn.

I know that his love is coherent to me,  
Though the waves of the sea and frown of the  
cliffs  
Keep aloof what remains for my dimmed eyes to see,  
While his pale brow is bathed mid the breaker's  
lost drift.

When the winds of the night moan so piteous for me,  
And the waves, though I loathe them, at my feet  
dance and play,  
I cannot but stand till the tide of the sea  
Compel me to leave, then I sink down and pray.

Then comfort and peace steals over my soul,  
And back to my cabin, so near to the shore,  
I lie down to rest and dream of the goal  
That soon will be mine when the trials are o'er.

Thus years have sped by, thus day after day  
Her heart throbs in anguish and lips moan a wail.  
Each morn with the sun her footsteps will stray  
To the sea by her cottage and sigh for a sail.

God pity the lone one when humans in vain  
Plead their share of her sorrow with them to  
divide,  
And send her such solace that hope will regain,  
Ere the last trembling chord break the last link  
of life.

---

## ANNIVERSARY RETURNS.

---

With friendship's choicest branch I hail  
The years that buds for thee again ;  
It silent steals through autumn's hazy veil,  
It comes mid drops of crystall'd rain.

Upon thy days in happy spring time's bliss,  
Pilgrim beneath the peerless star-lit dome,  
As if each gentle evening zephyr whisp'd,  
Nearing with measured tread thy destined home.

In the far beyond, glowing in glimmering light,  
Shedding for thee rays of its splendor,  
Reigns the moon still, queen of the night,  
Confirming thy hopes of eternal grandeur.

Comes through the gulf of the past, e'er returning,  
Visions of mirthful hours gone by.  
They must wither forever, the future is burning  
Expectancy's light, it will glimmer and die.

Oh may the sounds of a legion of chanters  
Fill with their music thy heaven-bent soul,

For each smile that once soothed dark trouble's  
decanter,  
As virgin gold will they weigh in the scales for  
thy goal.

Look but above, the meeting is nigh,  
Minstrels are beckoning, who would falter and  
stay ;  
Harp after harp through the mists we descry,  
All mortality lies in wait of the dawning day.

---



## THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

---

A TRANSLATION.

---

At the base of a mount stood a rude habitation,  
Erected by hands that claimed peace for their  
wealth ;  
The father thereof was digging the metal  
For barons that spared not his life or his health.

Poor was his lot yet loaded with treasures,  
His heart knew no envy but filled with delight,  
When, on his return from the damp gloomy caverns,  
His bright sunny children would meet him at  
night.

But dark and threatening clouds were gathering,  
And soon would strike their fatal blow,  
To wound the hearts that yet were happy,  
In sad submission make them bow.

A dreaded disease was ghastly intruding,  
And claiming its victims, whilst, sore and bereft,

Anxious parents in terror to heaven were pleading,  
To spare their fond children with which they were  
blest.

It claimed in this circle the frail little brother,  
With deep blue eyes and flaxen curls,  
And though spared from death, it brought on another  
Sad plight; the sight of his mirthful eyes had  
fled.

The night that brought sorrow was stormy and dark,  
And the mother was nodding and spinning;  
Though weary from work, at each faint noise would  
start,  
Whilst incessant tears from her eyes were spring-  
ing.

It shattered the hopes of the grief-stricken father;  
A welcome relief 'twas when death to him came,  
And claimed him instead of the sightless brother,  
Who with the mother and sister remained.

Flighty friends in their haste brought speedy counsel,  
To send him from house to house and to beg,  
And to play at each door with a small triangle  
Was all, they said, that for him was left.

But the mother's pride at the thought repelled,  
That her blameless child should wander,  
A pitiful sight. No, he never would beg,  
She weeping replied, her eyes flamed with just  
anger.

To the pastor of souls, in her need, she confided  
Her darling boy, and his actions assured her  
The talent and genius that in him resided,  
As the tedious lessons he willingly learned.

The years of his childhood soon ripened to youth,  
And then to his cherished at home  
He soon could return, to greet them and prove,  
By his diligent labor, his thanks for a home.

When the trees and flowers put forth their buds,  
He entered alone, and a pallor o'erspread  
His sad grave countenance as he heard  
The tears mid sobs that for him were shed.

When their tears were stilled in soothing words,  
He showed them his violin that he had bought,  
And played for them airs they never had heard,  
And told them of laurels his music had wrought.

From nobles and counts he soon obtained bidding  
To come and play for their concerts and balls,  
And when his instructor had heard of his wishes  
To go out in the world and win favor from all,

He plead in vain, for the pride of the boy  
Was stirred, and no warning could hold  
Him at home. No, out in the world or die  
Were the words that to his mother he told.

The sad words bring to her heart new pangs,  
And though again and again he did impart

To her anxious heart reassuring thanks,  
She embraced him once more, then saw him depart.

Frequent letters he wrote, yet ere soon forgot  
His aged mother that waited  
In vain for his coming, although she thought  
Of his certain ruin that him awaited.

Her days were numbered, sad and slow  
Her daily walks would be,  
But always full of hope she'd go,  
Then wander home and weep.

His fame was rising, and his purse  
Was filling fast with gold,  
Yet the joys he thought that then would bless  
Were absent, and he fast was growing old.

His sister wrote that they had heard  
Of how he was advancing  
In popularity, gain and praise,  
But asked him, if he had the peace of heart en-  
trancing?

Once more the bushes, flowers and trees  
Were spreading sweetest fragrance,  
And butterflies and busy bees  
Were everywhere for flower dust searching.

The mother's trying hour was nigh,  
When she must go to realms above;  
She raised her dying voice and sighed:  
"Oh give him all my love."

Midst Italy's sunny clime and bowers  
He roamed to play one evening ;  
A message came—beneath the flowers  
I placed our mother, and my heart is grieving.

This sudden blow sank deeply down  
Into his mind, and bore,  
From henceforth, tears that only crown  
A penitent's remorse.

Beneath dark olives' shadow stood  
A monastery, centuries old,  
And only men who lived for good,  
For holy life, could there seek their abode.

These bells it were whose sound the gentle breezes  
bore  
Unto his ear, their tinkling voice  
That made him think of days before  
He left his sainted mother, and made his eyes  
grow moist.

A passer by he now addressed,  
Wherefore this lovely sound ?  
Ah, said the stranger, seemingly in haste,  
A holy monk his rest in death hath found.

Then take me thither, but at once.  
The stranger doth comply,  
And as they reach the sacred font,  
Once more he doth his soul in prayer to God  
unite.

Now solemnly the monks appear,  
And take their loving brother, wrapped  
In sacred garments, from the bier ;  
They take him down a narrow path.

The burning tapers flicker faint,  
As down the sepulchre they slow descend,  
To lay him there till God proclaims,  
On resurrection day, His saints.

He hears the Miserere's wail,  
And asks the stranger to ascend  
With him, and at the organ lend  
A willing hand that he can play.

He strikes the chords, now loud and full,  
Then plays them soft as echoing sobs,  
And as the monks appear in dull  
And silent grief, their aching hearts do throb.

They hear his strains, as if touched by angels' choirs,  
And being weary, pause to rest ;  
Then as the last Eternam faint away doth die,  
They seek his presence and him bless.

He tells them all his pride and strife,  
And how he now doth mourn  
That he did not lead a better life,  
That he is so forlorn.

The saintly Abbot bids him stay  
With cloistered rule, and to unite

In psalms, in meditation, and to pray  
For those who die without eternal light.

He would gladly to this request comply,  
But mournful sighs : my poor lone sister,  
Who, in her sorrow, will with her abide,  
In the lonely cot who will assist her ?

Forth stepped now in grace a mild, winning Abbe,  
And brings him this message of comfort and bliss :  
“Soon the veil of a Sister of Mercy will chasten  
Her sorrow,” and she wishes you peace.

The news brings him solace ; he now is resolved  
Never more to taste the world's wicked joys,  
But contritely begs to be absolved  
Of the stain that so long his soul hath soiled.

He feels a pain that is weighting him down,  
And knows that his days are waning,  
That soon he too will beneath a mound  
Repose, awaiting resurrection morning.

Sadder and slower he plays his airs,  
Paler and waner he treads the stairs ;  
Soon will he follow, sorrow no more,  
Joining his loved ones at heaven's door.

The bells were ringing this festival morn,  
And inviting the faithful to Mass ;  
By the side of the suffering youth, adorned  
With humility's garb, his confessor sat.

Just as the bell announced elevation,  
That moment when graces so lavish appear,  
He raised his dying voice, in exaltation  
Cried out : I see light ! my eyes are clear !

Sweet was his death, full of comfort and bliss ;  
Calm was his end, it found him prepared.  
In his last moments saw light, this was his triumph,  
And departing so gently, peace at last was his  
share.

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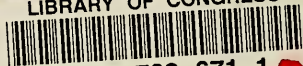
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